

and. from Jack's translations,  
i believe it."

they're still not sure  
that i'm not shitting them.

ARE WE HAVING A GOOD TIMEX YET?

"i almost overslept again." he says. i had  
it set for the right hour. but p.m.  
instead of a.m. fortunately one of your  
computer toys went off and woke me up."

"you need a regular alarm clock," she says.  
"instead of that two-buck gas station digital  
travel thing."

"i'm attached to it." he says. it lets  
me feel i'm in on the industrial productivity  
of the far east. i may trade in my eastman  
kodak stock for a piece of fuji films."

"that stock has been in your family  
for generations," she says.

"generations that never got to tokyo."  
he says. "but anyway, where would we  
put another clock in this room? it already  
looks like that storefront in quentin's  
section of the sound and the fury."

"you demean everything," she says.

he is already counting clocks out loud:  
" ... three four five six seven ...  
and none of them set to the same  
minute ...."

"you deride everything ... especially  
everything of mine."

"i'm sorry." he says. "i thought  
i was being entertaining. maybe  
amusing, maybe even witty. i would  
never ridicule the sound and the fury."

SO WHAT IS OUR EXCUSE?

a good woman poet writes that  
women abuse alcohol because  
men abuse women.